

Bonny DUNDEE:

O R,

Jockey's DELIVERANCE.

Benig his Viliant Escape from DUNDEE, and the Parson's Daughter, whom he had mov'd. To an Excellent Tune, call'd, *Bonny Dundee*.



WHere gottest thou the Have-mtill Bonnce
Blind Booby canst thou not see,
Ise got it out of the Scotchman's Woller,
As he lig lousing him under a Tree.
Come fill up my Cub, come fill up my Can.
Come Saddle my Horse, and call up my Man,
Come open the Gates, and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

For I have neither robbed nor stole,
Or have I done any Injury,
But I have gotten a fair Maid with Child,
The Parson's Daughter of bonny Dundee.
Come fill up Cup, come fill up my Can,
Come Saddle my Horse, and Call up my Man.
Come open the Gates, and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Aliho' Ise gotten her Maiden-head,
geud Faith Ise given mine in lieu,

For when at her Daddy's Ise gang to Bed,
Ise mow'd her without any more to do;
Ise cuddle her close, and gave her a Kiss,
Pray tell me now where is the Harm of this,
Then open the Gates, and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

All Scotland never afforded a Lafs,
so bonny blith as Jenny my Dear,
Ise gave her a Gown so green on the Grass,
but now Ise no longer must tarry here;
Than saddle my Nag that is bonny and gay,
For now it is timeto gong hence away,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
She's ken me no more in bouny Dundee.

In Liberty still I reckon to range,
For why I have done no honest Man wrong,
The Parson may take his Daughter again,
For she'll be a Mammy before it is long,
And have a young Lod or a Lafs of my breed,
Ise think I have done a generous Deed:
Then open the Gates, and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee,

Since Jenny the fair was willing and kind,
And came to my Arms witch ready good
(Will,

A Token of Love Ise leave her behind,
That I have required her Kindness still,
Tho' Jenny the fair I have often mow'd,

Another may reap the Harvift I sowl,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
She's ken me no more in bonny Dundee.

Her Daddy would have me to make her my
[Bride,

But Have and to Hold ne'er could indure,
From bonny Dundee this Day I will ride,
It being a Place not safe and secure,
Then Jenny farewell, my Joy and my Dear,
With Sword in my hand the Passage Ise clear,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee,

My Father he he is a muckel good Laird,
My Mother a Lady bonny and gay,
Then while I hav Strenght to handle a sword;
the Parson's Request Ise never obey,
Then Sawny my Man be thou of my Mind,
in bonny Dundee wese ne'er be confin'd,
The Gates we'll force to set our selves free,
And never come more to bonny Dundee.

Then Sawny reply'd Ise never refuse,
to fight for Land so valiant and bold,
While I have a Drop of Blood for to lose,
e'er any fickle Loon shall keep us in hold,
This Sward in my Hand I'll valiantly wield:
To fight on your side, to kill or be kill'd,
To force upon the Gates and set our selves free,
And so bid Adieu to bonny Dundee.

With Swards ready drawn, they rid to the
(Gate
where being deni'd a free Passage through,
The Master and Man they Fought at that,
(rate,
that some ran away, and others they slew,
Thus Jockey the Laird, and Sawny the Man,
They valiantly fought, as Highlanders can,
In spite of the Loons they set themselves free,
And so bid Adieu to bonny Dundee.